

For a Thousand Tongues To Sing

Celebrating music and the choir in worship

P: I will sing of the Lord's great love forever; with my mouth I will make your faithfulness known through all generations. I will declare that your love stands firm forever, that you have established your faithfulness in heaven itself. Psalm 98:1&2

Loving God, we come together today to thank you for the gift of music and the magic it creates in this world. We pray for all those that work hard at bringing music to life and we submit their creativity into your hands. We ask that when we lift our voices to You, we experience You through song. May disheartened hearts be encouraged, may anger be forgotten in the melodies of worship, and in Your presence let us sing in the fullness of joy, Amen.

Opening Hymn

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His wondrous love to me;
On the cruel cross He suffered,
From the curse to set me free.

*Sing, oh, sing of my Redeemer,
With His blood He purchased me,
On the cross He sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free.*

I will tell the wondrous story,
How my lost estate to save,
In His boundless love and mercy,
He the ransom freely gave.

I will sing of my Redeemer,
And His heav'nly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God with Him to be.

Lyrics: Philip Bliss, Music: James McGranahan

Kauma

P. †Glory be to the Father our Creator, to the Son our Redeemer and to the Holy Spirit who sanctifies us.

C. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

P. Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of power and might, heaven and earth are full of your glory, Hosanna in the highest.

C. Blessed is He that has come and is to come again in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

P. Holy art thou, O God.

C. Holy art thou, Almighty Lord.

P. Holy art thou, Immortal Lord.

C. O Lord, the Messiah who was crucified for us † have mercy on us.

(To be repeated thrice)

P. O Lord, have mercy on us.

C. O Lord, have mercy on us and bless us.

P. O Lord, accept our prayers and worship and have mercy on us.

C. Glory be to you, O God.

P. Glory be to you, O Creator.

C. Glory be to you, O King the Messiah; who has mercy on us sinners. Bless us, O Lord.

(Let us sing together the prayer that Jesus taught us)

**All: Our Father who art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name,
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, On earth as it is done in heaven.**

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.

And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, Forever. Amen.

(Cong to be seated)

Lesson 1: Gen 2:4-15

Lesson 2: Rev 22:1-5

L: Meditation – Why Music?

Music as an art form has always connected deeply with people of all cultures and languages throughout human history. When words fail us, and the circumstances of our physical lives confine us, music is an outlet for the hopes and dreams, passions and desires, the tension and confusion, and even the transformation taking place within us. Music connects with us on a level nothing else does, and for that reason, people have always recognized a divine power and spirituality to music.

Yet no matter how societies around the world relate to music, God's people should realize they have a special claim on the art of song. The power of great music lies in the power of the gospel story, of God calling his people home. As a Gospel Coalition writer says, "If you believe in God, you have a framework for enjoying music that is more satisfying to heart and mind, and more authentic to the actual experience of that enjoyment." So, while the world at large may use music in their search for meaning, for expression, or simply pleasure and distraction, the Bible reveals a much deeper, ancient, and powerful purpose at work when followers of Christ lift their voices.

In Scripture, we see that music is used for glorifying and worshipping God, telling of his great deeds, offering outlets for both lament and praise, and providing unity to God's

people. Scripture is full of recordings of song and poetic verse. From Adam singing in response to the creation of Eve (**Genesis 2:23**), to the song raised in heaven in praise of God's sovereignty in Revelation (**Revelation 5:9**). Even Jesus is recorded singing with his disciples (**Matthew 26:30**).

Perhaps the best known collection of songs in the Bible is the book of Psalms, a compilation of Hebrew poems, songs, and prayers – many of them written by King David, who was himself a poet and harpist. This collection was used in the temple in Israel for worship and was brought back into use in the construction of the second temple after the Babylonian exile.

Singing in unison with others takes on a whole new dimension for embodying God's will in our lives and communities. In congregational singing, the whole person is engaged and united with the community around us. This practice takes on its greatest meaning in the church, where that unity shapes and reorients a covenant community to the story of the gospel.

Music, a bridge builder of compassion and empathy, helps us weep together and bear each other's burdens. In the same vein, it allows us to experience and share in each other's victories: The Bible reveals that God's people should be well practiced in celebration. When Jesus returns, bringing his Kingdom, the redeemed from the earth will join in a new song.

Joining in song with others reflects the heart of Jesus when he looked up to Heaven and prayed to his father for the oneness of his people: ***"I have given them the glory that you gave me, that they may be one as we are one: I in them and you in me. May they be brought to complete unity to let the world know that you sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me"*** (John 17:20-26).

Hymn

O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace.

My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.

So now Thy blessed Name I love,
Thy will would e'er be mine.
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
My Lord, they all were Thine!
Lyrics: Charles Wesley, Music: Carl Glaser

L: Loving Jesus as I sing

Lord Jesus as I sing to You, I want to give You my very best.
For when I sing in Your holy presence, I find quiet and peaceful rest.

I bring my heart's song to You, while loving you as I sing.
I want to be a blessing to You, as I let my singing voice ring.

I sing with thanksgiving, thanking You for all the blessings that You have given me.
If it were not for all Your blessings, where in this life would I be.

I lift my singing voice in making a joyful and praising noise to You.
Singing with gladness and happiness, as I use my gift, like You want me to.

I shout for joy, as I sing the messages in Your inspired gospel songs.
Knowing that by listening to and following Your words, I will never go wrong.

I sing to You in worship and praise with my hands lifted high,
For I know that I will do my best singing, just moments after I die.

For I'll sing a song to You with my new perfect voice as I bow on bended knees,
And I will never again sin against You and You will forever with me be pleased.

Thanksgiving

L: How Great Thou Art

While ministering in the Carpathian Mountains, an English missionary, Stuart Hine found himself in the midst of a threatening storm. The thunder, as it rolled through the mountain range, was so awesome that it reminded Hine of the beautiful Russian hymn that had already become so dear to him. English verses began to form in his mind, verses that were suggested by portions of the Russian translation.

How Great Thou Art is probably the all-time favorite hymn today. Although its origin had roots in Europe, it was not widely known until 1957, when the Billy Graham Crusade in New York City launched it on a never-ending spiral around the world. It was performed nearly a hundred times during those meetings and countless times ever since.

One cannot sing this majestic hymn of praise and adoration without realizing anew the omnipotence of the Creator who did it all.

C: To be sung

O Lord my God! when I in awesome wonder
Consider all the worlds Thy hands have made,
I see the stars, I hear the rolling thunder,
Thy power throughout the universe displayed:

*Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!
Then sings my soul, my Savior God, to Thee:
How great Thou art, how great Thou art!*

And when I think that God, His Son not sparing,
Sent Him to die, I scarce can take it in;
That on the cross, my burden gladly bearing,
He bled and died to take away my sin:

L: Draw Me Nearer

Howard Doane was a frequent collaborator with Fanny Crosby, writing tunes for ever popular hymns of hers as: Safe in the Arms of Jesus, Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross and others

Not only did the two servants of God work together many times. They were also good friends, and Fanny greatly enjoyed visiting the Doane family in Cincinnati, Ohio.

It was on one such occasion in 1875 that the hymn, Draw Me Nearer, was written. They were sitting on the front porch of the Doane home, in the late afternoon, watching a beautiful sunset, described for Fanny, in her blindness, by the others. Howard Doane began to speak of a sense of the nearness of God in the still of the evening. While he was speaking, some lines of verse leaped into Fanny's mind. She asked her friend if he'd write them down while she dictated them. The poem is our hymn. The next day, Mr. Doane composed a tune to fit.

C: To be sung

I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee.

*Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To the cross where Thou hast died;
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord,
To Thy precious, bleeding side.*

O the pure delight of a single hour
That before Thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend!

L: All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

Rev. E. P. Scott was a missionary to India. One day he saw on the street a man of so strange an appearance that he inquired about him, and learned that he belonged to a wild mountain tribe among whom Christ had never been preached. Mr. Scott prayed over the matter, and decided to visit that tribe. As soon as he reached their mountain home, he fell in with a savage band who were on a war expedition. They seized him, and pointed their spears at his heart. At once the missionary drew out the violin that he always carried with him, and began to play and sing in the native language, All hail the power of Jesus' name! He closed his eyes, expecting death at any minute.

When he reached the third stanza, as nothing had happened, he opened his eyes, and was amazed to see that the spears had fallen from the hands of the savages, and big tears were in their eyes!

They invited Mr. Scott to their homes, and he spent two and a half years among them, winning many of them to Christ.

C: To be sung

All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him Lord of all.

O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall, We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him,
crown him, crown him, crown him,

And crown Him Lord of all.

(Cong. To stand)

L: Intercessory Prayer

Loving Lord, thank you for the music and the songs we are singing. We thank you for all the choirs in our Church and we pray that we can inspire more members to be a part of the choir team. We pray for the Department of Sacred Music and their work in spreading your word through song. Let the songs that we sing inspire the meditations of our heart to be acceptable to You our Song, our Lord and King.

Take the Name of Jesus with You

Mrs. Lydia Baxter, despite her radiant personality and cheerful disposition, had long been an invalid and periodically was confined to her bed for days at a time.

"How do you do it?" Others would ask, as they marveled at the way she triumphed over pain and confinement.

"I have some very special armour", she would reply.

"A secret weapon?" her friends would jokingly ask.

"Oh, no," she would say. "You see, I have the name of Jesus, and I use that name as my special protection. When the tempter tried to make me blue or despondent, I mention the name of Jesus, and he can't get through to tempt me any more".

Out of her own experience as well as her study of the Bible, Lydia Baxter, in 1870, her sixty-first year, wrote a poem which William H. Doane has set to music, giving the Christian world its finest gospel song on "The Name of Jesus".

C: To be sung

Take the name of Jesus with you,
Child of sorrow and of woe;
It will joy and comfort give you,
Take it then, where'er you go.

*Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n;
Precious name, O how sweet!
Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.*

O the precious name of Jesus!
How it thrills our souls with joy.
When His loving arms receive us,
And His songs our tongues employ!

L: It is Well with My Soul

Horatio G. Spafford was an attorney in Chicago during the year of 1874. He and his family were members of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church. Spafford and his wife had learned what it meant to completely trust God in every situation. First their only son

died and then in 1871 most of their personal property was burned in the great Chicago fire. But their greatest testing came in 1874.

Mrs. Spafford and their four daughters boarded the French ship "Villa de Havre" on their way to England. But just off the coast of Ireland the ship sank with 226 persons losing their lives. Horatio finally received a cable sent by his wife. It read "saved alone." As he travelled to England to comfort his wife, he was able again to gain his strength from God with the verse, "All things work together for good to them that love the Lord" (Rom 8:28) He then penned the words to our hymn "It Is Well with My Soul." (The tune was written by Phillip Bliss.)

C: To be sung

When peace, like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say,
"It is well, it is well with my soul."

Though Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ has regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

Gospel Reading

P: †Peace be with you all.

C: May the Lord make us all worthy to listen to His Word.

P: The Holy Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, which proclaims life and salvation to the world as recorded by Apostle Luke

C: Blessed is He that has come and will come again. Praise to the Father who sent him for our Salvation. May His blessings be ever upon us.

P: In the days of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour, the Word of life, God incarnate of the blessed Virgin Mary, it happened in this way.

C: So, we believe and affirm.

Luke 12:24-27

(After reading the Gospel, the priest says, †**Peace be with you all'**)

C: We thank you, Lord, that you have given us your gospel which is indeed the light of the world, that we may be drawn closer to you through the living words from your gospel which we have now heard.

The Nicene Creed

P: We believe in the one true God, the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, and of all things visible and invisible.

C: We believe in one Lord Jesus Christ, the only-begotten Son of God, begotten of the Father before all world; Light of Light, very God of very God; begotten, not made, being of one substance with the Father, by whom all things were made, who, for us men and for our salvation, came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Spirit of the Virgin Mary, and was made man. He was crucified† also for us in the days of Pontius Pilate; suffered and died and was buried. The third day He rose again, by His Father's holy will, ascended into heaven, and sits at the right hand of the Father. He will come again, with glory, to judge both the living and the dead and of His kingdom there will be no end.

We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord and Giver of Life; who proceeds from the Father; who with the Father and the Son together is worshipped and glorified; who spoke by the prophets and the apostles. We believe in one Holy Catholic and apostolic Church. We acknowledge one baptism for the remission of sins; and look forward to the resurrection of the dead, and the new life of the world to come. Amen.

(Cong. To be seated)

Birthday, Wedding Anniversary and Thanksgiving

Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty-
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me 'til I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield

When I reach the river Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.
William Williams

Choir dedication – (Choir members to come forward and kneel)

(To be repeated after the Priest)

Oh Lord, please bless this music that it might glorify your name.

May the talent that you have bestowed upon us be used only to serve you.

Let this music be a witness to your majesty and love, and remind us that you are always watching and listening.

May your presence and beauty be found in every note, and may the words that are sung reach the hearts of your people so they will draw closer to you.

May your Spirit guide us through every measure so that we might be the instruments of your peace, and proclaim your glory with glad voices. Amen.

Announcements

Offertory Hymn

Master, the tempest is raging!
The billows are tossing high!
The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness,
No shelter or help is nigh;
Carest Thou not that we perish?
How canst Thou lie asleep,
When each moment so madly is threat'ning
A grave in the angry deep?

*The winds and the waves shall obey Thy will,
Peace, be still!
Whether the wrath of the storm tossed sea,
Or demons, or men, or whatever it be,
No water can swallow the ship where lies
The Master of ocean and earth and skies;
They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,
Peace, be still!
Peace, be still!
They all shall sweetly obey Thy will,
Peace, peace, be still!*

Master, with anguish of spirit
I bow in my grief today;
The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
O waken and save, I pray!
Torrents of sin and of anguish
Sweep o'er my sinking soul!
And I perish! I perish, dear Master;
O hasten, and take control!

Master, the terror is over,
The elements sweetly rest;
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored,
And heaven's within my breast.
Linger, O blessed Redeemer,
Leave me alone no more;
And with joy I shall make the blest harbour,
And rest on the blissful shore.
Words: Mary Ann Baker, Music: H.R. Palmer

Message

Closing Prayer

P:

I heard You singing when the dawn was grey
And silver dew on ev'ry blossom lay;
Though the rising sun too soon drank up the dew,
I thought I heard You singing all the long day through.

C: I heard you singing in the silent hour
When evening came with sleep for bird and flow'r;
A song like happy murmuring of woodland streams,

